

THE  
Johnson Journal

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Spring Issue, 1939



# THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

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## EDITORIAL



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### In Memoriam

With regret the *Journal* records the death of Miss Lucy Hatch, for many years beloved teacher of English and German in Johnson High School.

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### A MEDICAL PROBLEM

It is sad to see a school go to seed physically as Johnson has done. In the past it was a prominent institution and many men of importance in the community graduated from it. But there are evidences of decline in it. Due to some softening influence, the pupils have become weak. There are signs of it everywhere. The teachers long since remarked it and told their classes all about it, but to no avail. It is upon us at last.

The chief evidence is this: that even the brawny members of the football team experience extreme difficulty in carrying paper even such a slight distance as to the wastebasket. For the last few years we have seen signs of it, but this year the complaint is aggravated. In no other year have we had as much trouble with our recesses being halved or with the Hall being closed. In past years a taste of these pleasant hints has been enough. This year, however, no hint has penetrated. The listless student body continues to toss its candy wrappers on chairs and drop its milk bottles onto the floor—such fun to hear!

Yes, something must be done, but what? Several eminent authorities on the subject have given advice. One suggests movable waste baskets so that the poor student body wouldn't have to walk but could carry its waste basket with it. Another avers that the Latin classes are at fault, as they comprise a minority group and minorities are apt to disagree with the majority. A third is of the opinion that the vocational courses in the school curriculum are the real source of the trouble and ought to be eliminated.

No one has mentioned a possible cause of the trouble: that the trouble is not weakness of the body but of the mind. It has not occurred to these eminent men that perhaps the students are lazy. As these words are written objections come up on every side. We merely write them as a possibility, for we do not think that when the students had been warned they would continue in a course which they knew would bring them disaster. No expert on the subject will tolerate the suggestion that they saw their doom approaching and did not even abate the least of their crimes. No, we cannot believe it. It is merely a suggestion. Doubtless when some of the reforms suggested in the previous paragraph are adopted all our problems will be solved.

So let us hope that before our recesses have vanished altogether the scientists can find some cure for our mysterious malady.

Virginia Carvell '39





## LITERARY



## TWO AGAINST ODDS

The whistle blew a solemn note and men came pouring out of the Metcalf Foundry. Some were running, some walking, while some rode in automobiles. In amongst this seething mass appeared a rather young man not over twenty-five. He was walking along by himself. He wore no cap on his head. The sun glowed softly on his slightly blond hair which was now covered with dust from the foundry. His eyes were half-closed because he was trying to see against the glare of the sun; his eyes had become accustomed to the darkness in the foundry which was dark, damp, dust-filled. Powerful hands grasped a dilapidated leather dinner bag, which also was matted with dust, which was with every little gust of wind blown off onto the pavement a little at a time. He generally walked straight and square shouldered, but for some reason he walked today with a slouch.

Jerry Walker turned up East 62nd Street till he came to a grimy, dirty, unpainted, two-tenement house. He stopped outside and scanned this tumbled-down ruin, his home. With a shrug of despair, he entered the door that looked as if it were on its last hinge. He climbed an ill-lighted staircase that led to his attic home.

He placed his huge hand on the rusty, rough door knob as if he meant to tear it from its securings. With an encouraging smile on his face he burst into the room to his patient wife Ruth, who was preparing a hot meal for Jerry on a small inadequate

gas stove, but who on hearing Jerry's musical laugh, whirled around, dropping a large ladle into the meal, and fled to his arms. "Oh Jerry, I'm glad you're home. I worry so every time you go to that awful place," she whimpered against his shoulder.

He patted her back gently and replied softly, "We have to eat." He consoled her and she told him to sit down to dinner.

The room was rather small but well furnished. Ruth had covered every stick of furniture with cloth covers that she made especially for that purpose, to protect them from the muggy, dust-laden air that came from the foundry.

Together they sat down to the meal that she had prepared and that was just enough to keep them from starving. She asked in a pleading voice, "Jerry, why do you work in that awful place?"

His reply was solemn, but he smiled knowingly and replied, "I wouldn't work there if there were other and better jobs available." Thus they ate their supper. After supper he helped her clear the dishes away and put the place in order.

Just before they retired Ruth said, "Jerry, I know it's silly of me, but I just can't help feeling that something is going to happen at the foundry."

Jerry kissed her goodnight and laughingly replied, "Now, dear, you're letting your imagination run away with you. Nothing is going to happen at the foundry that will be in the least injurious to me."

Dawn came and with it an overcast gray sky. Ruth stirred and opened her eyes. Quietly she arose and dressed so as not to awaken Jerry who was sleeping peacefully. She went into the cold, clammy kitchen and started a fire in the ancient stove. Fifteen minutes later when the room was a little warmer and some of the chill had left, she wakened Jerry, who yawned, stretched and bade her good-morning. He dressed and went to the kitchen where she was busily preparing his breakfast, which consisted of nothing more than a light cereal. He looked at it despairingly, but said nothing and sat down to it. His eyes appeared drawn and worried. Ruth caught sight of his look and came over and placed her arm around his neck and said, "It can't last forever, Jerry. Something's going to turn up and change things soon."

He looked up into her patient eyes and questioned, "Yes, but what are we to do in the meantime?"

He was approaching the foundry with a heavy, sluggish walk. When it came in sight he mumbled something about, "It can't last very long."

He went to his locker and put on his overalls and working clothes, and disposed of what he called his decent clothes, and the old dilapidated bag that contained his lunch.

He walked over to his small electric truck that he called "The Galloping Josephine." It was about eight feet long and three feet wide. In the back of it was a hook that made it possible to hitch small cars to it, so as to haul finished gears, flasks, casts, beams, and other cast-iron and steel things that molders make.

He was passing down a corridor past men at work, but he sensed a general uneasiness about them. Some were huddled in small groups talk-

ing in low tones while others were talking in pairs. He didn't have time to worry about them because he was thinking of the small salary that he had to support his wife Ruth on. A man signaled him that he had a finished gear that he wanted hauling away to the grinding room, a room in all foundries where men smooth and polish raw gears that have just been made. He threw over the switch slowly and approached the man carefully, so that his truck wouldn't knock over any other flasks, the wooden or steel boxes in which gears are made. This man also had a certain amount of uneasiness about him. He greeted Jerry with a sullen hello, and Jerry returned his greeting just as sullenly. The man, also in overalls and heavy shirt, had on his face a dark line of black where he must have drawn his index finger nonchalantly across. He beckoned Jerry to help him lift the heavy gear onto the truck. Jerry was still worrying and he let his end drop. The man looked at Jerry as if he were not surprised at Jerry's dropping it. Then suddenly he leaned over and whispered in Jerry's ear, "Have you too heard of the beam that supports the crane yonder being loosened?" He pointed to a twenty-five ton crane that was lumbering heavily along at the north end of the foundry. Jerry shook his head negatively. The man then told him of a girder at the south end of the shop being loosened from its upright, and that if that heavy crane, controlled electrically, ran over that girder too frequently it would break.

Jerry forgot about his own worries and started talking with the men about it at lunch time. While they were eating, Steve Black, a heavy set man and superintendent of the foundry, came pounding down the



corridor to the group of men that Jerry was eating with.

"Well, boys," stated Black, "an order just came in and it has to be done in the south part of the shop. And since it's to be a big order, you'll have to employ the crane."

He started to turn away when a big man whom they called Tony stood up and said, "Justa one minute, boss. We no work in the south of the shoppa today."

Black whirled around and demanded, "Why not?"

"Because da girder she'sa too weak to supporta da crane," replied Tony. They all shook their heads in the affirmative. Black, not wishing to cause any trouble with these rough men, said that it was all silly. Jerry said that silly or not the men were not going to work in that part of the foundry. Black furiously demanded that they work or lose their jobs. Black, still storming, turned and walked back to his office. The men, not wishing to lose their jobs, returned to work when the whistle blew.

An hour or so later when Jerry went down to the south part of the shop to take some raw gears to the grinding room, he stopped and asked a man that was working near the crane, how the crane was acting.

The man, tall, broad, tan mixed with dirt, and shirtless, replied that he couldn't understand how the crane stayed up under the strain that was being placed upon the loosened beam by the crane passing over it so frequently. Jerry picked up an extra car and then he swung "Josephine" around and started to proceed back up the corridor. Suddenly he thought he saw a slight movement of the crane. He stopped the car and stared at the crane. There! A slight drop of about an inch, but this time a bolt

fell out of the upright that secured the beam which supported the crane, down upon a sand pile, making no noise so as to warn the six men that worked under it of any danger.

Jerry thought fast. He knew he couldn't warn the men above the roar of the crane. So he decided that he would take a desperate chance. He stepped on the accelerator and started the car going. He knew too, that he didn't have time to turn around. Instead he made the car go backwards. Faster and faster he made the car go, and when he got near enough to be heard he screamed as loud as he could to the six men that were working under the crane to get in the empty car that he had picked up. Then, in face of great danger, he ran the car right under that twenty-five ton crane!

The men piled into the empty car and Jerry started the car going again towards the open door to the grinding room. There were great creaking noises of steel being forced apart and then a crack and the crane came hurtling down, casting pieces of steel everywhere. Jerry, being at the end of the cars, had not yet reached the grinding room, when a rod of steel went hurtling through the air and hit him on the back of the head, knocking him right out of the car onto the cement corridor. The six men jumped out of the car just before it hit a wall and rushed back to Jerry's aid.

\* \* \*

Jerry awoke and found himself in a clean white room with sunlight streaming in a wide-opened window. Sitting beside him was Ruth who smiled down at him tenderly. At the foot of the bed were the six men he had rescued. A nurse attendant was at the window, adjusting the curtain so that the sunlight wouldn't bother his eyes.

Jerry turned his head which until that moment he never knew was all bandaged up, and beheld the figures of two men whom he recognized to be the owners of the foundry. They praised Jerry for his heroic deed and promised him the job of superintendent to fill Black's place. When they were leaving they handed Jerry a green slip of paper which both Jerry and Ruth looked at with amazement. It was a check for \$500.

James Shaw, '39



Alfred Desjardins, '42

### MY IMAGINARY TRIP

My most exciting trip was to the bottom of the sea. To prepare for this I had to wear a huge, heavy, air tight suit with a metal helmet connected to the surface by a tube which carried oxygen. It was necessary to have this equipment because the pressure is intense. There were nuts and bolts to hold the parts together.

Finally, I was lowered slowly to the bottom and I started to walk around. It was cold and no sunlight penetrated to this depth, so I carried a light. At the floor of the ocean a bright light illuminated the vegetation, very far down, making it like a fairyland; the organisms shine, the shellfish glow with light and the corals emit a soft glimmer. The sea lily is graceful and dainty and resembles an electric light with a colored reflector. The ground is like a vast plain, but there are mountains, and a thick slime covers everything. Some of the fish are eel-like with long jaws; some have enormous stomachs; others have large heads. Everything is out of proportion.

I enjoyed the trip very much because everything was interesting and alluring. I don't believe I shall ever forget the floor of the sea and its inhabitants.

Betty May, '40

### DORA AND DICK

It was late evening and the soft hues of twilight were beginning to fall. Dora and Dick came running over the hill at the far end of the pasture. It was always Dora and Dick, Dora and Dick. The two names seemed to run together, naturally, the girl and the dog. Dora didn't play with anyone else. He was her only companion. Of course, she had friends at school, but they didn't interest her much. Besides, she lived far from the school and far from the houses with children living in them. From the moment she came home from school until bed time, she played with him, talked to him, and petted him. Even while she slept, he stayed at the foot of her bed. All through the night he guarded her, and in the morning, he woke her up with his sharp, happy barks. This



had been going on for almost four years, ever since Dora's grandfather had brought her a small, fluffy, white puppy for her seventh birthday. Now, Dora was nearly eleven, and Dick had grown to be a fine spaniel, not very large because Dora still carried him. He was gentle and playful. He never deserved any punishment and never received any. Everyone recognized the deep devotion between these two, a child and her dog, until—

Dora and Dick were approaching the small porch of Dora's home, where Dora's mother and father were sitting in two green, wicker rocking chairs. Bert, Dora's father, was a strong, tall, domineering man of about fifty. His hands were calloused and his skin browned and weather-beaten from his hard, long work on the farm. Her mother, Emma, was small of frame. Her black hair was tinged with gray and she had hard blue eyes. She was a meek person with an easy-going nature. She always kept her small house clean and neat, got the meals, mended, knitted and helped on the farm without complaining, but she never seemed content. Both of them were never unkind to Dick, but they were busy and didn't care much for dogs, or children. Neither took the trouble to pet him or talk to him. It was Dora who loved him, and oh how she loved him!

Dora and Dick came up and sat down on the porch. Dick fell asleep and Dora sat there chattering about his chasing the geese at the common, and saying that he never did anything but chase them. Bert was preoccupied and seemed angry over something. Soon he got up to go in. He was hot and tired and happened to stumble over Dick, who was lying asleep on the door-mat.

"What's that good for nothing brute doing there?" he cursed. "As

if I hadn't enough mouths to fill, let alone a dog's! And we will be fined for him, too; for it's getting near the license renewal and we haven't paid the taxes, Emma," addressing Dora's mother. "Can't you get rid of him somehow before Cleaver finds him out?"

"He's the child's pet and doesn't do any harm," rebutted Emma. "Get away, Dick!" She gave him a little kick, not meaning any unkindness; but he wasn't used to it, and he uttered a feeble howl.

"Stop that noise or I'll make you!" shouted Bert angrily.

Dora snatched up Dick and almost smothered him in her arms. "No indeed, Father, he does nobody any harm; and he eats very little,—not nearly so much as I do."

"Little or much, he won't do it for long."

Dora looked up in alarm.

"No, child, I can't afford to pay for a license, and I don't intend to. They have grown very strict about it lately. Cleaver will be around any day now and will want the money or the dog."

Dora went to bed, but didn't sleep. She thought her father must be worried about something,—or he wouldn't have spoken so sharply, and turned away so quickly. If he only understood how she felt. The next morning when Dora asked him about Dick, he gave her a sharp answer and told Emma to tell Cleaver he wouldn't pay.

"Oh, what will happen then?" asked Emma. Dora stood in the corner with fear.

"I suppose he will take the dog and make away with him—give him to his boys, perhaps."

Dora shuddered, because she had seen those rough boys hold up a wretched, half-starved cur by the tail till it howled with pain, and she had never forgotten it. She always hid

Dick when she saw them. They hurt cats, teased children, and were cruel to dogs.

"Oh, father,—please, father!" she began, running after him, but her mother called her back.

"Father's got quite enough to bother him, without you."

So Dora sat there in the corner, crying quietly, with Dick on her lap. He raised himself now and again to put a paw on her shoulder or lick her cheek, as he always did when he thought she was unhappy. They sat there until Emma told her to get ready for school.

Dora went to school that day and the following, and sat there in a daze. Dick was never out of her thoughts. She thought and thought, searching for a way to get out of the difficulty, but couldn't think of any. She didn't speak to anyone, except to ask Mary Cleaver if her father really had to collect the dog license fines, and what he would do when he could not get the money? Mary only answered that she didn't know.

Emma, too, answered the same question with the same reply, but quite carelessly. She was very busy. Dick was of no importance to her. Later, Dora took him away into the woods, behind the house. She thought, and thought, until she was sick with thinking. What could she do? She had no money, and nothing to sell, except her clothes, and she couldn't do that. Otherwise—oh, she would have gone barefoot, rather than part with Dick. He seemed to understand this,—at any rate he knew something was wrong. He never had hung after her heels so closely, never jumped up to kiss her so often, as during those three dreadful days. When Bert came home he was quite merry and jolly and Dora let Dick run about. That night she was happy and so was Dick. When they re-

turned home later in the evening, Bert was asleep in his chair and Dora sat on the stool beside him. By and by Bert woke up, and said that Dick was such a pretty dog. "You won't let him be sent away then?" pleaded Dora.

Bert laughed, "Oh, that is quite a different matter, my little woman. I wouldn't if I was rich. Get someone to take him, buy him perhaps, and I'll let you have half the money to get a new hat."

"Sell Dick! Get myself a new hat with the money. The idea is horrible," Dora thought.

"Well, well, don't cry. I hate to see little girls cry," coaxed Bert, and she stopped. Then Emma called her off to bed, and she didn't have time to say any more.

Dora lay awake hour after hour, sobbing quietly to herself, and rack-ing her brain as to what to do.

The next morning just before Bert left for the fields, Dora cried, "Father, father, how about Dick?"

"You mean the license? Cleaver will be around tomorrow. He told me so."

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes, that's the last day. The dog must go."

Dora burst out crying. "What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Anything you like, only don't bother me; I'm bothered enough. Sell him or give him away, or tie a stone to him and drown him, which would get him out of all this trouble; but I won't keep him. The dog must go."

"Oh, Father, Father," she entreated hanging to his arm, but he was vexed. He threw her off, and she fell, with her head against the door-post. Either the blow or the grief so stupified her that she just lay there for a long time. When she woke up, Dick was licking her face and hands. She took him in her arms and cried.



Later, Emma found her and sent her off to school.

"There's no use making a fuss about the dog. What your father says, he means; you know that Dick's a good fellow," and she stopped to pat him, "but he must go."

"I suppose so, but all other things are nothing to me. I have only my Dick," she thought. The poor child's heart was breaking. She passed another day in a dream. She didn't do her lessons and she was punished, so she had to stay after school. She felt nothing, except that this was the last day, the very last day, when she would have her poor little Dick. What was to become of him? Would he be taken away and killed at once, or treated unkindly, and maybe so miserably that he would be better dead? Every cruel act of Cleaver's sons came into her mind. She was in agony. As soon as school was over she ran to the home of two rich sisters who lived up on a hill in a large white mansion. They were fond of dogs. He would be happy. She could see him now and again. When she got there, the house was shut and the gardener's wife told her that the ladies had gone to Europe for six months. Her last hope was gone. Poor Dick.

Yet, Dick looked so happy, so unconscious of all about him. He had never had any ill treatment. And now—? Those Cleaver boys! How could she save him?

Suddenly her father's words—he really didn't mean them—came into her young head. "Tie a stone to him and drown him. That would take him out of all trouble." The words flashed into her mind and settled there. She must do it at once. Cleaver would come next morning.

It was early evening and she started out toward the river. She was half afraid, and yet half wishing that Dick would slip from her and

run away and get lost. But he didn't. He kept close to her heels all the way. They walked over half a mile to the river. They went to a bridge where the stream was deep and flowed rapidly. Dora went down to the bank and the water. It was almost warm. It sparkled and glistened all rosy with the sunset. The sky was clear and blue and the leaves were pale new delicate green. There was a slight breeze and everything was calm and quiet. "It wouldn't hurt him so very much to be drowned, not near so much as other things which might happen,—things that the Cleaver boys would do," she thought. "If only they could fall asleep, and wake up the next morning to find that all was a bad dream! Or—never wake up again."

It was getting dark and she had to find a stone, a big one, and tie it as tight as she possibly could with a piece of cord. He lay quiet all the time in her lap; turning once or twice to lick her hand.

Then she took him in her arms, close and tight, and rolled on the ground in the agony of her grief. She kissed him over and over again,—his back and his silky ears, and even his poor little dusty paws, as if she begged him to forgive her; then she carried him to the middle arch of the bridge, where the river was deepest and the stars were shining on the water, kissed him once more, and dropped him in.

He must have sunk at once, for except that single splash, there wasn't a sound. Beyond the first minute he couldn't have suffered the slightest pain.

It was very dark when Dora got home and her parents were anxious about her. Bert was just going to look for her when Emma said, "Dora's here."

"Dora—alone? and where is Dick? Why didn't he come to meet



me tonight as usual?" Bert said kindly.

Then Dora spoke; her voice was strange, yet unfaltering. "Dick will never come to meet you again, Father. He's drowned!"

"Drowned! Who drowned him?"

"I did it myself. You said it would be best. It was the only way to save him from those Cleaver boys."

"You did it yourself?"

"I wasn't likely to let anyone else do it. Yes, I did it my own self—off the bridge, this evening."

"Oh, my poor, little girl!" He dropped into a chair and tears came to his eyes. He had spoken in haste, not meaning half he said. Now it was too late.

Betty May '40

### FOG

The fog slipped in on silent waves,  
So dense and moist and gray  
It seized the ships and cloaked the  
banks,  
Fast darkening the day.

In soggy clouds it filled the streets  
With moisture damp and clinging,  
With heavy hands it stilled the horns,  
And dimmed the bell buoy's ring-  
ing.

Robert Ayer '39

### IF I HAD THREE WISHES

A beautiful fairy queen, her shining wings a-flutter, perched on my knee. She had come from her throne in the soft, billowy clouds. Her soft

voice tinkled. "You may have three wishes." She was gone!

When I think of the people lying in their white cots, perhaps suffering agonies, my health must be one of my three wishes. How many white haired old ladies and men, even tiny babies are groping about in the dark—blind! Never will they see the beautiful flowers, green trees, and all nature's wonders! How all the cripples must suffer, those without arms and legs! Surely health must be the most important of my three wishes.

With wealth one may have and yet give! I could have such wonderful opportunities, a beautiful home, and education. I could travel, see the sufferings and happiness of my country and of other countries. With wealth I could give so much to unfortunates.

I should like to go through life with a smile. Therefore my third wish will be for happiness. I will have some work which I will enjoy. Together with work I will have play. These will fill each day of my life. This will be happiness!

Dorothy Dainowski '40

### MY ESCORT AND I

Such a nice little shop  
We can't pass it by.  
We'll look in the window  
My escort and I.

A pink one, a white one  
And both to be sold  
Dare I ask him to buy one?  
Would that be too bold?

Yes, I shall ask him.  
I guess after supper.

For they are just candy,  
And my escort's my papa.

—Madeline Cashman, '40



## RECORD



## CLUB HIGHLIGHTS

The Dramatic Club has been trying its talents in several plays recently.

The Chefs' Club has made apple turnovers, corn fritters, pancakes, and doughnuts. They certainly don't mind attacking complicated dishes. Incidentally, their chief faults are putting in "a little extra" and opening the oven very frequently to see if their creations are done. However, they usually have surprisingly good luck.

The Hobby Club has been playing various games. At one meeting they went through the Jersey ice cream factory. In the future they are planning other trips of that sort, possibly to WLAW or the Betsy Ross bakery.

The Girls' Basketball Club is trying its athletic powers on bowling now that the basketball season is over.

The Etiquette Club has learned the proper way to eat all manner of foods. A talk on "My Youth Hostel Trip" was given by Lois Pitkin at one meeting. The Hobby and Chemistry Clubs were invited.

The Glee Club in conjunction with the Sub-Deb Club has had a skating party and a sleigh ride. All their best boy friends were invited. The Glee Club is also putting on a variety show for the enjoyment of the Dramatic Club. The Sub-Deb Club also put on a very interesting style show for an assembly program.

The Model Builders' Club has built many interesting airplane models.

The Chemistry Club visited the paper mill, Hood's Milk Plant, and the Gas and Electric Company. A lecture and movies about telephones

were enjoyed at one meeting. At that time they had many guests.

**In Memoriam**

Students and teachers extend their sympathy to the family of Anna Lawlor. Johnson High School has appreciated Anna's willingness to co-operate and has loved her for her friendliness.

**"JOURNAL" ARTISTS**

The following are to be complimented for *Journal* designs: Mary Carey, Alfred Desjardins, Phyllis Hurd, Robert Mattheson, Paul Medolo, Nellie Summers.

**SOPHOMORE QUIZZ**

Why does the sophomore girl, who is a member of the basketball team, blush when the name of "Benny" is mentioned?

\* \* \*

Why does our popular secretary of the Sophomore Class like to walk up and down Essex Street with a blond-haired boy who attends Central Catholic?

**CHATTER**

One momentous change has been made here at Johnson. Semi-publics are no more, perhaps because the "semi" of semi-public no longer applied. Their place, however, is being taken by Friday afternoon dances to the music of the amplifier. Although dances have the advantage of costing less and coming more frequently, some mourn because it doesn't give them a chance to show off their new out-of-town boy friend.



We've had several outstanding assembly programs, chief among them perhaps being the one where Mr. Raymon, the snake man, showed off a few of his pets—squirmy, crawly, live ones they were too. Although he declared that most of them were harmless, secretly I didn't envy those sitting in the front row, for once. Another performer was Mr. Pearson who impersonated characters from Dickens and Shakespeare. Shylock and the gravedigger from *Hamlet* were perhaps the best known.

\* \* \*

We've been fairly good lately and have had a full recess for quite a while. I hope it isn't just a lull before a storm.

\* \* \*

The Seniors have had their pictures taken and the Juniors have their rings. The year will be over before we know it!

\* \* \*

I have just discovered that the teachers of the town are giving an operetta and some of our honored faculty are in it—Miss Jensen, Mr. Donovan, and Mr. Cavalieri among others. Better get your tickets early!

\* \* \*

Sandwich trade in the lunchroom has doubled since Mrs. Costello has been here. Quite a tribute.

\* \* \*

The annual play has been chosen and rehearsals have started. The name of it is "Lena Rivers." Those taking part are as follows: Ruth Curley, Irene Byrom, Joseph Finneran, Hilda Binns, Ruth Derby, Frances McRobbie, Brian McKiernan, John McLay, Ruby Cochrane, Kenneth Brierly, George Porteck, Edna Jones, and Robert Garneau.

\* \* \*

The Seniors are now changing from social science to economics—amid heavy groans.

\* \* \*

Miss Ruby Cochrane was chosen as our representative at the D. A. R. Convention.

## EXCHANGES

We have a number of new members in our exchange column as we greet spring this year.

"The Headlight"

Marblehead H. S., Marblehead, Mass.

Among our exchanges we were glad to see three "Head Lights." Your news section is complete in every detail. Your poetry too deserves praise. Why don't you have an exchange column?

"Lasell Leaves"

Lasell Junior College, Auburndale, Boston, Mass.

A marvelous cover design! It is by far the best one we have received this year. We liked your "Miniature Travelogues" very much. And we musn't forget to congratulate the author of the poem entitled "Explanation." Good work!

"The Advance"

Salem Classical H. S., Salem, Mass.

Your oriental drawing on your exchange column was original indeed. "Sweet Contentment" is one of the most beautiful poems we've had the pleasure of reading in our exchanges.

"The Review"

Lowell H. S., Lowell, Mass.

Your "Nursery Rhymes" were very well done as was your entire joke section. Outstanding indeed was your page of candid camera shots. Your personal column is somewhat overdone. Why not substitute some jokes for some personal items?

"The Holten"

Danvers H. S., Danvers, Mass.

Educational and interesting editorials go far toward making your book the success that it is. Our whole-hearted praise to your talented poetess, Jean Pedrick. Glad you like



our literary section; we're proud of it, too.

"The Cub"

Manning H. S., Ipswich, Mass.

We received two issues of "The Cub"; the first issue came just a little too late for our Mid-Winter issue so we take pleasure in acknowledging both copies here.

"The Cowboy Round-Up"

Meeker, Colorado

Being a western paper your Cowboy News certainly has appeal plus! News such as yours brings us closer to our Western friends. Best of luck to you!

"The Cub"

Roosevelt H. S., Wyandotte, Mich.

A very small publication to be sure, but also an exceedingly good one. More literary work would add to your book. Let us hear from you again.

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### ALUMNI NOTES

Mason Downing, '37, is on the Dean's list at M. I. T.

Mary Dandeneau, '38, is at present attending Salem State Teachers' College.

Walter ("Tishy") Roberts, '37, is graduating from St. John's Prep School this year.

Dorothy Sutton, '38, is now attending Simmons College in Boston.

Herbert Barwell, '38, is commuting to Burdett Business College in Boston.

Georgianna Curley, '38, is training at the Boston Children's Hospital.

Thomas Sullivan, '38, is now at Holy Cross College.

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### REGRETS

So sorry but apparently nothing happens in the Freshman and Junior classes. It must be pretty dull.

### SENIOR NOTES

Girls! Latest fashion expert, Henry Bonney, specializes in color harmony in powder, rouge, lipstick, and especially nail polish. No appointment necessary for your personal analysis.

\* \* \*

Remember when we were having debates in English and Pauline Frisbee voted for the infinitive?

\* \* \*

Did you know the Diet of Worms was putting a person who didn't agree with the teachings of the church on a diet of worms?

\* \* \*

And a papal bull was an open field in which people were put for the same reason and there they turned into a bull?

\* \* \*

Lucky for Mae Barnes she didn't have to play basketball at the Chelmsford game! She forgot her black basketball pants and had to use an emergency pair.

\* \* \*

Hot tips: When it comes to voting on the most popular, most handsome, etc., members of the Senior Class, take my advice and bet on Thompson as the best-looking, although he is given competition by Gesing, Brierly, and others.

\* \* \*

Charlie's Ford broke into poetry no less than a dozen times when the senior English classes were struggling through the poetry unit. Oftentimes a black-haired damsel with freckles was one of the features of those poems, too.

\* \* \*

Isn't it odd how among the senior girls who were piously keeping Lent on candy, practically none of the more slender figured?

## WHO'S WHO

- "I Get a Kick Out of You"—Bob Garneau  
 "What Have You Got That Gets Me?"—Jimmy Nutter  
 "You're Pretty as a Picture"—Claire Doherty  
 "Whispering"—Nellie Summers  
 "Don't Be That Way"—George Martin  
 "Who's Sorry Now?"—Wilmington Girls' Basketball team  
 "I Have Eyes"—Rosamond Coughlin  
 "Words Fail Me"—In a test  
 "Goodnight Angel"—Tom Pendlebury  
 "Always and Always"—Homework  
 "Music, Maestro, Please"—Frank Hill  
 "I'm Gonna Lock My Heart"—Bob Hall  
 "Something Tells Me"—Barbara Deardon  
 "Please Be Kind"—Miss Kelly  
 "Two Sleepy People"—J. Stewart, D. Provencher  
 "You're a Sweetheart"—Dolly Phair  
 "No, No, a Thousand Times No!"—Miss V. Chapman (in spares)  
 "Jeepers Creepers (where'd you get those peepers?)"—Hilda Binns  
 "It Had to be You"—Louise Page  
 "I Can't Get Started With You"—Porteck  
 "Don't Look Now"—Lillian Maker  
 "The Man on the Flying Trapeze"—James Shaw  
 "I Get Along Without You Very Well"—Examinations  
 "They Say"—Student Council  
 "You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby"—Kitty Wainwright  
 "When Irish Eyes are Smiling"—Mr. Donovan  
 "Simple and Sweet"—Mary Peel  
 "I've Cried Over You"—E's on a report card  
 "Sing, You Sinners"—Miss Leach  
 "Small Fry"—Freshmen

- "Stop Beating around the Mulberry Bush"—Henry Bonny  
 "Down on the Farm"—Joyce Chadwick  
 "You Took the Words Right out of My Heart"—Robert Miller  
 "You Ought to be in Pictures"—Allen Gesing  
 "You Are My Desire"—"Red" Greenwood

## JOKES

Old Paw was in his rocking chair on the front porch, rocking due east and west. Beside him was Sonny Boy, an innocent of 40, rocking north and south. Presently Paw said, "Son, why wear yo'self out that-a-way? Rock with the grain and save yore strength."—*Colliers*.

Nathan's wife tells of his discomfiture the time the sheriff's funeral passed their gate. "It was a grand sight," she said. "Nathan was restin' in the hammick when it went by. I come out and told him who all was in the carriages and autymobiles, and his kinfolk wavin' to him. Nathan was kinda peeved. 'Just my luck,' he said, 't' be facin' th' other way.'"—*Readers' Digest*

Jimmy Shaw, by the way, seems to be enjoying himself immensely with the aid of a certain popular, black-haired senior girl.

Neighbor: "Did I bring back your lawn-mower last month?"

Indignant Householder: "No, you did not."

Neighbor: "Now what'll I do? I wanted to borrow it again."

News flash! Billy Driscoll came to school on time one day last week.

Let's teach Mr. Donovan how to shag. He seemed to be having such a good time waltzing at the party that he ought to make a good jitter-bug.





ATHLETICS



BOYS' BASKETBALL

The basketball team completed its season by taking the consolation prize in the Punchard Tournament, played during the mid-winter vacation.

Although it did not enjoy quite as successful a season as in some former years, it did, however, pile up a larger total of points than its opponents. The boys were also the only ones in the league to defeat the winners—Tewksbury. Besides this, they helped to establish a new league record for the lowest score, the result of a game with Howe being 6 to 5. Unfortunately, we were on the losing end. Well, at least we have something to be proud of. "*N'est-ce pas?*"

The following is a summary of the team's record:

Johnson	37	Alumni	25
Johnson	18	Central Catholic	16
Johnson	25	Tewksbury	42
Johnson	14	Methuen	20
Johnson	27	Howe	20
Johnson	15	Punchard	18
Johnson	31	Wilmington	21
Johnson	19	Andover Jayvees	29
Johnson	34	Tewksbury	23
Johnson	36	Chelmsford	37
Johnson	31	Central Catholic	27
Johnson	25	Chelmsford	30
Johnson	26	Methuen	35
Johnson	5	Howe	6
Johnson	27	Andover Jayvees	36
Johnson	35	Wilmington	13
Johnson	28	Punchard	37
*Johnson	17	Methuen	29
*Johnson	37	Georgetown	24
*Johnson	29	Central Catholic	16
—	—	—	—
Johnson	516	Opponents	504

Won: 9; Lost: 11; Percentage: .450.  
\*Games played in Punchard Tournament.

POINTS SCORED

Player	Floor Baskets	Fouls	Total
Miller	70	21	161
Yule	66	19	151
Foster	61	22	144
Lafond	10	2	22
Banker	5	4	14
Greenwood	5	2	12
Callahan	4	3	12

SECOND TEAM

The Johnson seconds also had ill-luck in their games. They played a total of seven games, and, (yes, it's true) lost all of them. This squad has served as a good foundation for next year's team, however, and next year should see these boys in action. Art Greenwood, the Flanagan lads, Bill Lafond, Bob Cunningham, and Bing Miller will also be back. With Bing Miller, this year's high scorer, the outlook is very favorable.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

On January 24, the Johnson girls fought a losing battle at Wilmington resulting in a score of 21 to 31. This game, although a defeat literally, marked a victory for the Johnson girls. They snapped out of the slump they have been in since the beginning of the year and played real basketball.

On January 26, the Methuen Seconds defeated Johnson's Seconds by a score of 9 to 18. The first team rallied and came through with flying colors, defeating the Methuen first string by a score of 30 to 20.

By the skin of our teeth we edged out Tewksbury in the return game at Johnson. The final score was 27 to 28. Fast, snappy pass work, and Helen Polichnowski's marvelous ability to come through at the last minute saved Johnson's honor.



On February 6, in order to be consistent (since one excuse is as good as another) the Johnson girls added another one point victory to their credit by defeating Chelmsford by a score of 21 to 22. Mary McCallion was so anxious that we should win, that she sneaked down in the forward section, slyly passed the ball to her side-kick, Frances McRobbie, and added two points to Johnson's favor.

Due to a previous postponement Chelmsford and Johnson were destined to meet in combat twice in one week. On February 9, our girls were not so lenient with their opponents. The final whistle found the score 17 to 20 in Johnson's favor once more. Who said Johnson belonged in the cellar?

On February 14, the great night finally arrived. Johnson and Howe were to meet, and the honor of tying for second place seemed close at hand for the Johnsonites. But alas! Fate slipped in to rule otherwise. The Johnson girls yielded to Howe by a score of 16 to 24.

On February 16, the Johnson girls traveled to Methuen to play first and second team games. Our second team kept us in suspense up until the last moments but they came through victors, winning by

the close score of 24 to 23. In the first team game, Methuen took the lead and defeated the Johnson girls by a score of 23 to 19.

February 21 witnessed our final game. Wilmington won by a score of 38 to 24, after a hard battle. Jeepers Creepers! What happened to Frances's peepers? Oh well! "Tis better to have played and lost than never to have played at all." Thus ends the basketball season.

### BASEBALL

What is the best part of Spring? Sure, that's right,—baseball! And, since the coach has already had the battery men practicing down in the gym for some time, spring is definitely here, even though you can't believe it. The hopes of this year's team rest in the veteran hands of Art Banker and Bing Miller together with a newcomer to the squad, Neil Keating. The catchers competing are Bob Sullivan, David Provencher, Cliff Garvey and Georgie Martin. As soon as the weather permits, the rest of the squad will be trying out. If anyone wants to bet that this will not be a championship team, address all money orders or checks to Mr. X., Sports Department, *Journal*.

*Remember*

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